What I haue ſpoke: but farewell complements.
Doeſt thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou ſweareſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe:
At Louers periuries they ſay Ioue ſmiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely wonne,
Il'e frowne and ſay thee nay and be peruerſe,
So thou wilt wooe: but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my hauiour light:
But truſt me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould haue bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer-heardſt ere I was ware
My true loues Paſsion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

Ro: By yonder bleſſed Moone I ſweare,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruit trees tops.

Iul: O ſweare not by the Moone the vnconſtant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.

Ro: Now by

Iul: Nay doo not ſweare at all,
Or if thou ſweare, ſweare by thy glorious ſelfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And Il'e beleeue thee.

Ro: If my true harts loue

Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
It is too raſh, too ſodaine, too vnaduiſde,

Too

Too like the lightning that doth ceaſe to bee
Ere one can ſay it lightens. I heare ſome comming,
Deare loue adew, ſweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.

Ro: O bleſſed bleſſed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and ſee,
Too flattering true to be ſubſtantiall.

Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like ſchoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to ſchoole with heauie lookes.

Iul: Romeo, Romeo, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarſe and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarſe as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo?

Ro: It is my ſoule that calles vpon my name,
How ſiluer ſweet ſound louers tongues in night.

Iul: Romeo?

Ro: Madame.

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow ſhall I ſend?

Ro: At the houre of nine.

Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.